

# PORTLAND MARKETS

## Latest Quotations in the Portland Produce Markets.

Complete Market Reports Corrected Each Day Giving the Wholesale Prices of Commodities, Farm Produce and Vegetables.

Portland, June 16.—Hop speculators are commencing to worry over the probability of a severe decline in the market. This is the result of the buyers displaying no inclination to purchase at the present quotations. Butter piles up along Front street although 20 cents is the top price asked. In the potato market old stock is fast disappearing. No more Minnesota or Colorado will be imported this season. If appearances may be accepted as a criterion New Oregon potatoes will force out the California product. Among the butchers and stockmen prices are exceedingly low.

**Grain, Hay and Feed.**  
Wheat—Walla Walla, 43@44; Valley, 37; bluestem, 30@31.  
Oats—White, 28@29; gray, 28.  
Barley—Brewing, 23; feed, 22.  
Hay—Timothy, 14@14.50; clover, 11@12; cheat, 11@12; alfalfa, 11.  
Millstuffs—Barley rolled, 24.50; middlings, 24@25; chop, 19; dairy chop bran, 19@20; shorts, 22@23.  
Flour—Hard wheat, straight, 32.85@4.05; hard wheat patents, 44.50@4.60; Graham, 44; rye, 45; whole wheat flour, 44.25; valley, 44.10.  
Corn—Whole, 24.50; cracked, 25.50 per ton.  
Rye—1.55 per cwt.

**Produce.**  
Butter—Fancy creamery, 20@21 1/2; dairy, 16 1/2@17; store, 15@15 1/2.  
Eggs—Oregon ranch 18 @ 18 1/2.  
Cheese—Young American, 16@17; Oregon full cream, 15c.  
Poultry—Mixed chickens per lb. 13 @ 13 1/2; spring, 14 1/2@15 1/2; hens, 14 @ 15; fryers, 15@16; broilers, 18 @ 20; geese, 8c; turkeys, live, 15@17; turkeys, dressed, 18@20; ducks, old, 14@15; spring ducks, 14@17.  
Honey—Dark, 10 1/2@11c; amber, 12 @ 13c; fancy white, 15c.

**Fruits and Vegetables.**  
Strawberries—Oregon, per pound, 1-2c.  
Blackberries, crate, \$2.00.  
Raspberries, crate, \$1.25.  
Cherries—Crate, 75 @ \$1.25.  
Apricots, crate, 1.25.  
Peaches, crate, 1.25.  
Grapes, 32.25 or crate.  
Gooseberries, 4c lb.  
Grape fruit—Crate, \$2.50@3.  
Apples—Oregon, 50c@52.50.  
Tropical fruits—Lemons, fancy, 33c choice, 27.50@3 per box; oranges, 25.50 @ 27.50; bananas, 5c per lb; pineapples 32.50@4 per dozen.  
Potatoes, Oregon, 100 lbs. \$1@1.05; tomatoes, California, crate, 2.75@3; turnips, sack, 1; cabbages, per lb. 14 @ 14 1/2; Oregon onions, 100 lbs. 5.00; new potatoes, 33; sweet potatoes, 1.75 @ 2 per 100; Australian red onions, 25; celery, per dozen, 70@75; asparagus, per box, 1.50; artichokes, per dozen, 75@90; radishes, per dozen, 15c; green onions, per dozen, 15c; rhubarb, per pound, 3c; cucumbers, per dozen, 11@1.25; beets, 1.25 per 100 lbs; carrots, 1.25 per 100 lbs.  
Fresh Meats—eVal, 3 1/2@4 1/2; pork, 7 @ 7 1/2; beef, bulls, 3@3 1/2; cows, 3 1/2 @ 4 1/2; steers, 4@5; mutton, 6@7c; spring lambs with tails, 1.50@2.50 each.  
Oysters—Shoalwater Bay, per gallon, 22.25; per sack, \$4 net; Olympia, per sack, \$5.25.  
Clams—Hardshell, per box, 32; razor clams, \$2 per box.

**Hops, Wool, Hides, Etc.**  
Hops—23@24 1/2c per lb.  
Wool—Valley, 20@21c; eastern Oregon, 14@15c.  
Tallow—Prime, per lb., 3@3 1/2c; No. 2 and grease, 2@2 1/2c.  
Mohair—Choice, 30@34c per lb.  
Fenathers—Geese, white, 35@40c; geese, gray or mixed, 25@26c; duck, white, 15@20c; duck, mixed, 12@15c.  
Beeswax—Good, clean and pure, 20 @ 22c per lb.  
Hides—Dry hides, No. 1, 16 lbs and up, 16@16 1/2c per lb.; dry kip, No. 1, 5 to 15 lbs., 14@15c per lb.; dry calf No. 1, under 5 lbs, 17@18c; dry salted, bulls and stags, one-third less than dry flint (culls, motheaten, badly cut, scored, murrain, hair-slipped, weather beaten or grubby, 2@3c per lb less); salted hides, steers, sound, 60 lbs and over, 9@10c per lb.; 50 to 60 lbs, 8 1/2 @ 9c per lb.; under 50 lbs and cows, 8 @ 9c per lb.; salted stags and bulls, sound, 6c per lb.; salted kip, sound, 15 to 30 lbs, 9c per lb.; salted veal, sound, 10 to 14 lbs, 9c per lb.; salted calf, sound, under 10 lbs., 10c per lb. (green, unsalted, 1c per lb. less; culls 1c per lb. less). Sheep skins: Shearlings, No. 1 butchers stock, 25@30c each; short wool No. 1 butchers' stock, 40@50c; medium wool, No. 1 butchers' stock, 60 @ 80c; long wool, No. 1 butchers' stock, \$1@1.50 each. Murrain pelts, from 10 to 20 per cent less, or 12@14c per lb.

horse hides, salted, each, according to size, \$1.00@2; dry, each, according to size, \$1@1.50; colts' hides, 25@50c each; goat skins, common, 10@15c each; Angora, with wool on, 25c@1.50 each.  
Pelts—Bear skins as to size, No. 1, \$2.50@10 each; cubs, \$1@2; badger, 25 @ 50c; wildcat, with head perfect, 25 @ 50c; house cat, 5@10c; fox, common gray, 50@70c; red, 33@51; cross, 35 @ 15c; silver and black, 100@300; fishers, 35@61; lynx, 44.50@61; mink, strictly No. 1, according to size, \$1@2.50; marten, dark northern according to size and color, 10@15; marten, pale, pine, according to size and color, 2.50 @ 4; muskrat, large, 10@15c; skunk, 40 @ 50c; civet, or polecat, 5@10c; otter, large, prime skin, 16@10 panther, with head and claws perfect, 42@51; raccoon, prime, 30@50c; mountain wolf, with head perfect, 33.50@51; coyote, 60c@1; wolverine, 15@8; beaver, per skin, large, 35@61; medium, 23@41; small, 1 @ 1.50; kila, 50@75c.  
Cascar Sagrada (Chittam bark)—Good, 4@4 1/2c per lb.  
Oregon grape root—Per 100 lb., 32 @ 4.

**Oils and Leads.**  
Coal oil—Pearl and astral oil, cases, 20 1/2c per gallon; water white oil, iron barrels, 15c; wood barrels, 17 1/2c; co-cene oil, cases, 24c; elaine oil, cases, 27c; extra star, cases, 25c; headlight oil, 175 degrees, cases, 23 1/2c; iron barrels, 17 1/2c. (Washington state test burning oils, except headlight, 1/2c per gallon higher).  
Kerosene—Sixty-three degrees, cases, 22c; iron barrels, 15 1/2c.  
Lime oil—Pure raw, in barrels, 61c; genuine kettle-boiled, in barrels, 63c; pure raw oil, in cases, 66c; genuine kettle-boiled, in cases, 68c; lots of 250 gallons, 1c less per gallon.  
Turpentine—in cases, 87c gallon; in barrels, 79c; in wood barrels, 84c.  
Gasoline—Stove gasoline, cases, 24 1/2c; iron barrels, 15c; 80 degrees drums, 26c.  
Lead—Strictly pure white lead and red lead in ton lots, 7 1/2c; 500-lb lots, 7 1/2c; less than 500 lbs, 8c.  
Rope—Pure Manila, 14c; standard, 12 1/2c; Sisal, 10 1/2c; little brand Sisal, 9 1/2c.  
Wire nails—Present base at 27.75.

**Groceries, Provisions, Etc.**  
Sugar—Golden-C, 35.35; powdered, 35.95; fruit sugar, 35.95; beet sugar, 36.95; patent cube, 36.20; cane, D. G., boxes, cwt., 50c (less 1/2c per lb if paid 15.85; extra, cwt., 10c; kegs, cwt., 25c; for 15 days).  
Salt—Bales of 75-2a, bale, 1.60; bales of 30-3a, bale, 1.60; bales of 40-4a, bale 1.60; dried fruit—Apples, evaporated, 7 @ 8c; per lb, sundried, sacks or boxes; none; apricots, 10@12c; peaches, 9 @ 11c; pears, 10@12 1/2c; prunes, Italian, 4@5c; French, 2 1/2@3 1/2c; figs, California blacks, 5 1/2c; do white, none; Smyrna, 20c; Fard dates, 6c; plums, pitted, 6c. 1.60; bales of 15-10a, bale, 1.60; bags, 50a, fine, ton, 111; bags, 50 lbs, genuine Liverpool, ton, 117; bags, 50 lbs, 1/2 ground, 100a, ton, 47; R. S. V. P., 50 5-lb cartons, 32.25; R. S. P., 24 3-lb cartons, 1.75; Liverpool lump, ton 1.60.  
Rice—Imperial Japan, No. 1, 35.37 1/2 No. 2, 34.25; Carolina head, 6c; brok 4 9c; tubs, 5 1/2c; 50a, 5 1/2c; 20a, 5 1/2c; 10a, 10 1/2c 5a, 10 1/2c. Standard pure: Tierces, 5 1/2c; tubs, 8 1/2c; 50a, 8 1/2c; 20a, 9c; 10a, 9 1/2c; 5a, 9 1/2c. Compound: Tierces, 6 1/2c; tubs, 6 1/2c; 50a, 6 1/2c; 10a, 7 1/2c; 5a, 7 1/2c.  
Cereal foods—Rooled oats, cream, 90-lb sacks, 14.75; lower grade, 15@16.25; oatmeal, steel cut, 50-lb sacks, \$8 per barrel; 10-lb sacks 44.25 per bale; oatmeal (ground) 50-lb sacks, 7.50 per barrel; 10-lb sacks, \$4 per bale; split peas, \$4 per 100-lb sacks; 25-lb boxes, lb boxes, 1.25 per box; pastry flour, 10-lb sacks, 2.50 per bale.  
Canned salmon—Columbia river, 1-lb talls, 1.15; 2-lb talls, 2.50; fancy 1-lb flats, 2; 1/2-lb fancy flats, 1.25; 1.15; pearl barley, \$4 per 100 lbs, 25 fancy 1-lb ovals, 2.75; Alaska talls, pink, 85@90c; red, 1.50; nominal, 2a tall, 32.  
Mason fruit jars—Half-gallons, per gross, \$9.90; quarts, 36.55; pints, 35.35; extra caps per gross, 2.25.  
Fish—Crabs, per dozen, 1.25; Shoalwater Bay oysters, per sack, \$4.00; oysters, gallons, 22.25; halibut, 5 1/2c; black cod, 7c; bass, per lb., 12 1/2c; herring, 5c; flounders, 5c; catfish, 7c; lobsters, per lb, 12 1/2c; silver smelt, 5c; shrimp, 10c; perch, 5c; sturgeon, 7c; chinook salmon, 8c; steelheads, 7 1/2c; sea trout, 12 1/2c; shad, 3 1/2@4.  
Coffee—Mocha, 26@28c; Java, fancy 26@32c; Java, good, 20@24c; Java, ordinary, 17@20c; Costa Rica, fancy, 18@20c; Costa Rica, good, 16@18c; Arabuckles, 14.38 per 100 lbs, Lion, 14.38.  
Provisions—Hams, to slice, 13c; hams, picnic, 8c; bacon, regular, 10 1/2c; bacon, breakfast, 12@17c; dry salt sid, 9 1/2c; backs, dry salt, 9 1/2c; lard, kettle rendered, tierced, 9 1/2c.  
Nuts—Walnuts, No. 1, soft shell, 12 1/2c; No. 1 hard shell, 13 1/2c; Chile, 13c; almonds, 17@18c; filberts, 14@15c; Brazilia, 16c; pecans, 13 1/2@15c; hickory, 8c; Virginia peanuts, 7@7 1/2c; Jumbo Virginia peanuts, 9c; Japanese peanuts, 5 1/2@6c; chestnuts, Italian, 14c; cocoanuts, dozen, 90c.  
Figs—White, lb, 5 1/2@6c; black, 6 @ 7c.  
Dates—Golden, 60-lb boxes, 6@6 1/2c; 1-lb packages, 8c; Fard, 15-lb boxes, 1.40 box.  
Beans—Small white, 4c; large white, 3 1/2c; pink, 3 1/2c; bayou, 3 1/2c; Lima, 6 1/2c; Mexican reds, 9c.

# THE GENTLEMEN FROM INDIANA.

(Continued from page three.)

"Ten minutes—five-half an hour—I don't know. Before the storm commenced."

"Oh!" The old gentleman appeared to be reassured. "Probably he had work to do and wanted to get in before the rain."

But Lige Willets was turning pale. "Which way did he go? He didn't come around the house. We were out there till the storm broke."

"He went by the orchard gate. When he got to the road he turned that way." She pointed to the west.

"He must have been crazy!" exclaimed the judge. "What possessed the fellow?"

"I couldn't stop him. I didn't know how." She looked at her three companions, slowly and with growing terror, from one face to another. Minnie's eyes were wide, and she had unconsciously grasped Lige's arm. The young man was staring straight before him. The judge got up and walked nervously back and forth. Helen rose to her feet and went toward the old man, her hands pressed to her bosom.

"Ah," she cried out, "I had forgotten that! You don't think they—you don't think he—"

"I know what I think," Lige broke in. "I think I'd ought to be hanged for letting him out of my sight. Maybe it's all right. Maybe he turned and started right back to town—and got there. But I had no business to leave him, and if I can I'll catch up with him yet." He went to the front door and, opening it, let in a tornado of wind and food of water that beat him back. Sheets of rain blew in horizontally in spite of the porch beyond.

Briscoe followed him. "Don't be a fool, Lige," he said. "You hardly expect to go out in that." Lige shook his head. It needed them both to get the door closed. The young man leaned his back against it and passed his sleeve across his wet brow. "I hadn't ought to have left him."

"Don't scare the girls," whispered the other; then in a louder tone: "All I'm afraid of is that he'll get blown to pieces or catch his death of cold. That's all there is to worry about. They wouldn't try it again so soon after last night. I'm not bothering about that; not at all. That needn't worry anybody."

"But this morning!"

"Pshaw! He's likely home and dry by this time. All foolishness. Don't be an old woman."

The two men re-entered the room and found Helen clinging to Minnie's hand on the sofa. She looked up at them quickly.

"Do you think—do you—what do you—"

Her voice shook so that she could not go on.

The judge pinched her cheek and patted it. "I think he's home and dry, but I think he got wet first. That's what I think. Never you fear. He's a good hand at taking care of himself. Sit down, Lige. You can't go for awhile." Nor could he. It was a long, long while before he could venture out. The storm raged and roared without abatement. It was Carl's worst since '51, the old gentleman said. They heard the great limbs crack and break outside, while the thunder pealed and boomed, and the wind ripped at the eaves till it seemed as if the roof must go. Meanwhile the judge, after some apology, lit his pipe and told long stories of the storms of early days and of odd freaks of the wind. He talked on calmly, the picture of repose, and blew rings above his head, but Helen saw that one of his big slippers beat an unceasing little tattoo on the carpet. She sat with fixed eyes, in silence, holding Minnie's hand tightly, and her face was colorless, growing whiter as the slow hours dragged by.

Every moment Mr. Willets became more restless. He assured the ladies he had no anxiety regarding Mr. Harkless. It was only his own dereliction of duty that he regretted. The boys would have the laugh on him, he said. But he visibly chafed more and more under the judge's stories and constant rose to peer out of the window into the wrack and turmoil, and once or twice he struck his hands together with muttered ejaculations. At last there was a lull in the fury without, and as soon as it was perceptible he announced his intention of making his way into town. He "had ought to have went before," he declared apprehensively, and then, with immediate amendment, of course he would find the editor at work in the Herald office. There wasn't the slightest doubt of that, he agreed with the judge, but he better see about it. He would return early in the morning and bid Miss Sherwood goodbye. Hoped she'd come back some day; hoped it wasn't her last visit to Plattville. They gave him an umbrella, and he plunged into the night, and as they stood for a moment at the door, the old man calling after him cheery good nights and laughing messages to Harkless, they could see him fight with his umbrella when he got out into the road.

Helen's room was over the porch, the windows facing north, looking out upon the pike and across the fields. "Please don't light the lamp, Minnie," she said when they had gone upstairs. "I don't need it." Miss Briscoe was sitting about the room hunting for matches. In the darkness she came to her friend and laid a kind, large hand on Helen's eyes, and the hand became wet. She drew Helen's head down on

her shoulder and sat beside her on the bed.

"Sweetheart, you mustn't fret," she soothed in motherly fashion. "Don't you worry, dear. He's all right. It isn't your fault, dear. They wouldn't come on a night like this."

But Helen drew away and went to the window, flattening her arm against the pane, her forehead pressed against her arm. She had let him go; she had let him go alone. She had forgotten the danger that always beset him. She had been so crazy; she had seen nothing, thought of nothing. She had let him go into that and into the storm alone. Who knew better than she how cruel they were. She had seen the fire leap from the white blossom and heard the ball whistle, the ball they had meant for his heart—that good, great heart. She had run to him the night before. Why had she let him go into the unknown and the storm tonight? But how could she have stopped him? How could she have kept him after what he had said? He had put it out of her power to speak the word "Stay!" She peered into the night through distorting tears.

The wind had gone down a little, but only a little, and the electrical flashes danced all round the horizon in magnificent display, sometimes far away, sometimes dazlingly near, the darkness doubly deep between the intervals when the long sweep of flat lands lay in dazling clearness, clean cut in the washed air to the finest detail of stricken field and heaving woodland.

A staggering flame clove earth and sky, and sheets of light echoed it, and a frightful uproar shook the house and rattled the casements, but over the crash of thunder Minnie heard her friend's loud scream and saw her spring back from the window with both hands, palms outward, pressed to her face. She leaped to her and threw her arms about her.

"What is it?"

"Look!" Helen dragged her to the

window. "At the next flash! The fence beyond the meadow."

"What was it? What was it like?"

The lightning flashed incessantly. Helen tried to point. Her hand only jerked from side to side.

"Look!" she cried.

"I see nothing but the lightning," Minnie answered breathlessly.

"Oh, the fence! The fence! And in the field!"

"Helen! What was it like?"

"Ah, ah!" she panted. "A long line of white looking things—horrible white!"

"What like?" Minnie turned from the window and caught the other's wrist in a strong clasp.

"Minnie, Minnie! Like long white gowns and cowls crossing the fence!" Helen released her wrist from her companion's grasp and put both hands on Minnie's cheeks, forcing her around to face the flickering pane. "You must look! You must look!" she cried.

"They wouldn't do it! They wouldn't do it! It isn't!" Minnie shuddered. "They couldn't come in the storm. They wouldn't do it in the pouring rain."

"Yes! Such things would mind the rain!" She burst into hysterical laughter, and Minnie seized her round the waist, almost as unnerved as Helen, yet trying to soothe her. "They would mind the rain," Helen whispered.

"They would fear a storm. Yes, yes! And I let him go; I let him go!"

Pressing close together, clasping each other's waist, the two girls peered out at the landscape.

"Look!"

Up from the distant fence that bordered the northern side of Jones' field a pale, pelted, flapping thing reared itself, poised and seemed, just as the blackness came again, to drop to the ground.

"Did you see?"

But Minnie had thrown herself into a deep chair with a laugh of wild relief. "My darling girl!" she cried. "Not a line of white things—just one! Mr. Jones' scarecrow! And we saw it blown down!"

"No, no, no! I saw the others. They were in the field beyond. I saw them. When I looked the first time they were nearly all on the fence. This time we saw the last man crossing. Ah, I let him go alone!"

Minnie sprang up and unfolded her. "No; you dear, imagining child, you're upset and nervous, that's all the matter in the world. Don't worry; don't, child; it's all right. Mr. Harkless is home and safe in bed long ago. I know that old scarecrow on the fence like a book, and you're so unstrung you fancied the rest. He's all right. Don't you bother, dear."

The big, motherly girl took her companion in her arms and rocked her back and forth soothingly and petted and reassured her and then cried a little with her, as a good hearted girl always will with a friend. Then she left her for the night, with many a cheering word and tender caress. "Get to sleep, my dear," she called through the door when she had closed it behind her. "You must if you have to go in the morning. It just breaks my heart. I don't know how we'll bear it without you. Father will miss you almost as much as I will. Good night. Don't bother about that old white scarecrow; that's all it was. Good night, dear; good night."

"Good night, dear," answered a plaintive little voice. Helen's cheek pressed the pillow and tossed from side to side. By and by she turned the pillow over; it had grown wet. The wind blew about the eaves and blew itself out. Sleep would not come. She got up and laved her burning eyes; then she sat by the window. The storm's strength was spent at last. The rain grew lighter and lighter until there was but the sound of running water and the drip, drip on the tin roof of the porch. Only

the thunder rumbling in the distance marked the storm's course, the chariots of the gods rolling farther and farther away till they finally ceased to be heard altogether. The clouds parted



"Look!" she cried, majestically, and then, between great curtains of mist, the day star was seen shining in the east.

(Continued Next Sunday.)

**Huge Task**  
It was a huge task to undertake the cure of such a bad case of kidney disease as that of C. F. Collier, of Cherokee, Ia., but Electric Bitters did it. He writes: "My kidneys were so far gone I could not sit on a chair without a cushion; and suffered from dreadful backache, headache and depression. In Electric Bitters, however, I found a cure and by them was restored to perfect health. I recommend the great tonic medicine to all with weak kidneys, liver or stomach. Guaranteed by C. Rogers, druggist. Price, 50 cents."

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Portsmouth, O., May 20, 1905.

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The C. Gee Wo Chinese Medicine Co. 253 Alder St., Portland, Oregon. Mention page.

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Friday, 23, 2:00.  
Saturday, 24, 2:30.  
Monday, 26, 5:00.  
Tuesday, 27, 6:00.  
Wednesday, 28, 7:00.  
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